THE POT OF GOLD
BY ROBIN GILMOR

The Gunston Trust

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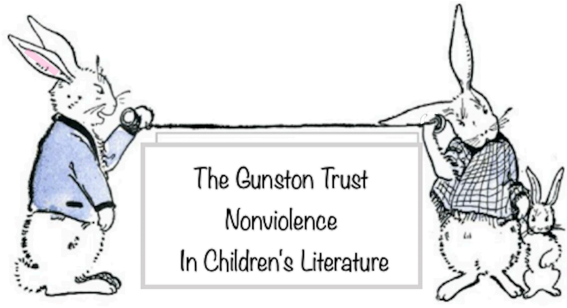
By Robin Gilmor

Illustrated By Sotirios Vougiouklis



Second Edition

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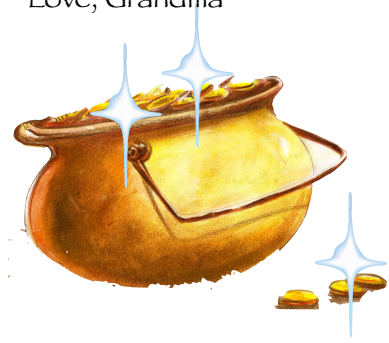
For Aidan and Owen
Love, Grandma



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Two silly Malvey boys walking late at night,
Came upon a Leprechaun singing in the light.
He sang a little ditty as he strolled along.
Just a silly little tune. . . a simple Irish song.

"Oh hotter than hot
And colder than cold,
Try hard as you can,
But you won't get me gold!".

Now to come upon a Leprechaun
when he's so unaware,
His precious pot of magic gold,
with you he'll have to share!

"Over the hills and down through the glen,
You won't get me gold, at this rainbows end!"

Surly everyone knows
you must hold him real tight,
'til he shows you the gold
or he'll vanish from sight!

"With a hay diggity hoe, and a hoe diggity hay,
They'll never GET my gold this way!"

He's known to be quite crafty,
He's so shifty and so sly,
Now don't believe a word he says
It's most certainly a lie.

The boys tried not to blink,
It was part of the rule,
So they stared at the man,
They were nobodies fool!

They stared and they stared
'till their eyes nearly popped.
But the man held his gold,
not one coin did he drop.

"I'll give you one coin, for you can't have it all.
Take one and be gone, or get nothing at all."
But the boys saw the gold and a few wouldn't do,
For they wanted it all . . . not just one or two!

"Oh, you must have a hoe and you might need a spade.
But don't blink your eyes or I'll vanish and fade.

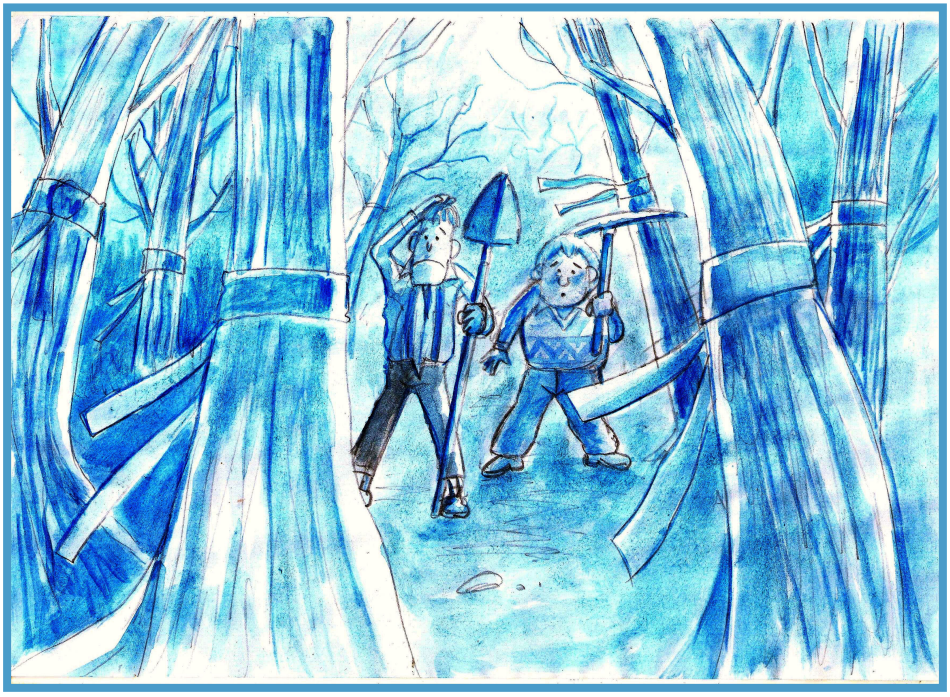
Then they watched without blinking,
as he dug a big hole.
Owen whispered to Aidan. . . .
"Now he'll bury his gold!"

They thought they were so clever,
as clever... as could be,
As they hid from the little man
behind an apple tree!
But he knew that they were watching,
he chuckled quite a lot,
As into the ground he buried his pot.

But when at last they finally blinked,
he vanished out of sight.
So a ribbon they tied around the tree,
up high and very tight.

"Run if you can, run if you dare,
you won't catch me here
and you won't find me there!"

Then home they ran to fetch the tools,
laughing all the way,
"We finally fooled that Leprechaun,
we'll own his gold today."



And sure enough, when they returned,
Whatever did they did see,
But a ribbon tied around the trunk,
of every single tree!

"We should have taken just the few
Offered by the little man,
Instead we wanted all of it
Now we've nothing in our hand!"

With a wink of his eye
And a twinkle that glared,
Just a snap of his fingers,
He disappeared in thin air!!!!!

I offered you some,
But you thought you had won
You wanted it all,
In the end you got none!

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DON'T LET GREED

BE YOUR

DOWNFALL!

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Happy Saint Patrick's Day

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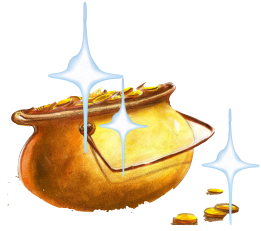

~Fantasy ~

Building fond memories of childhood.

RFG

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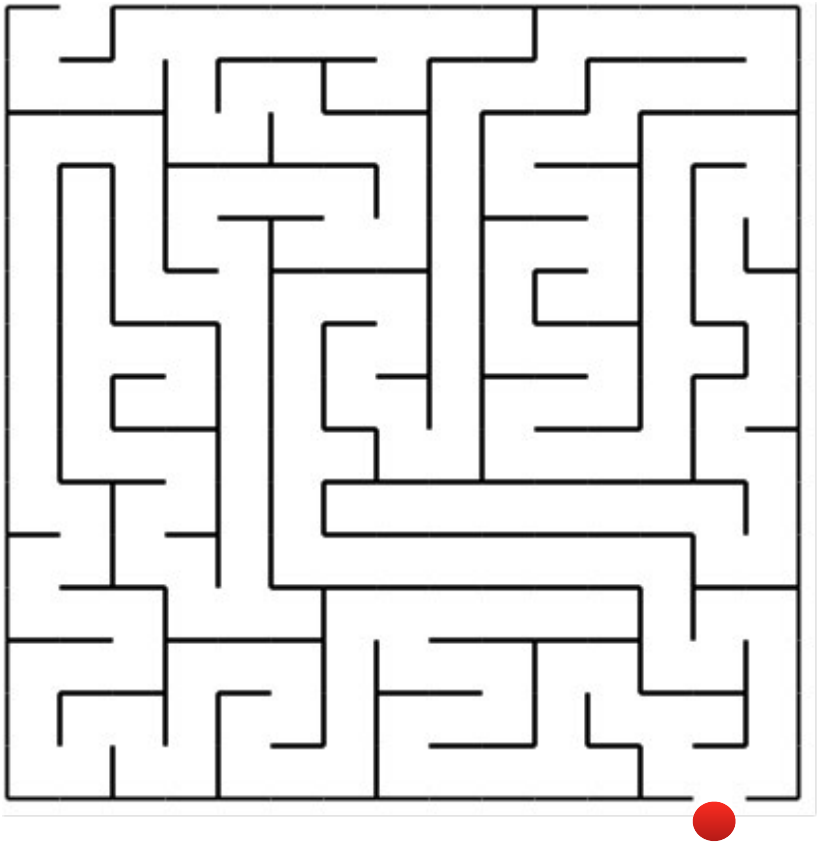
FIND THE POT OF GOLD!

GO



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